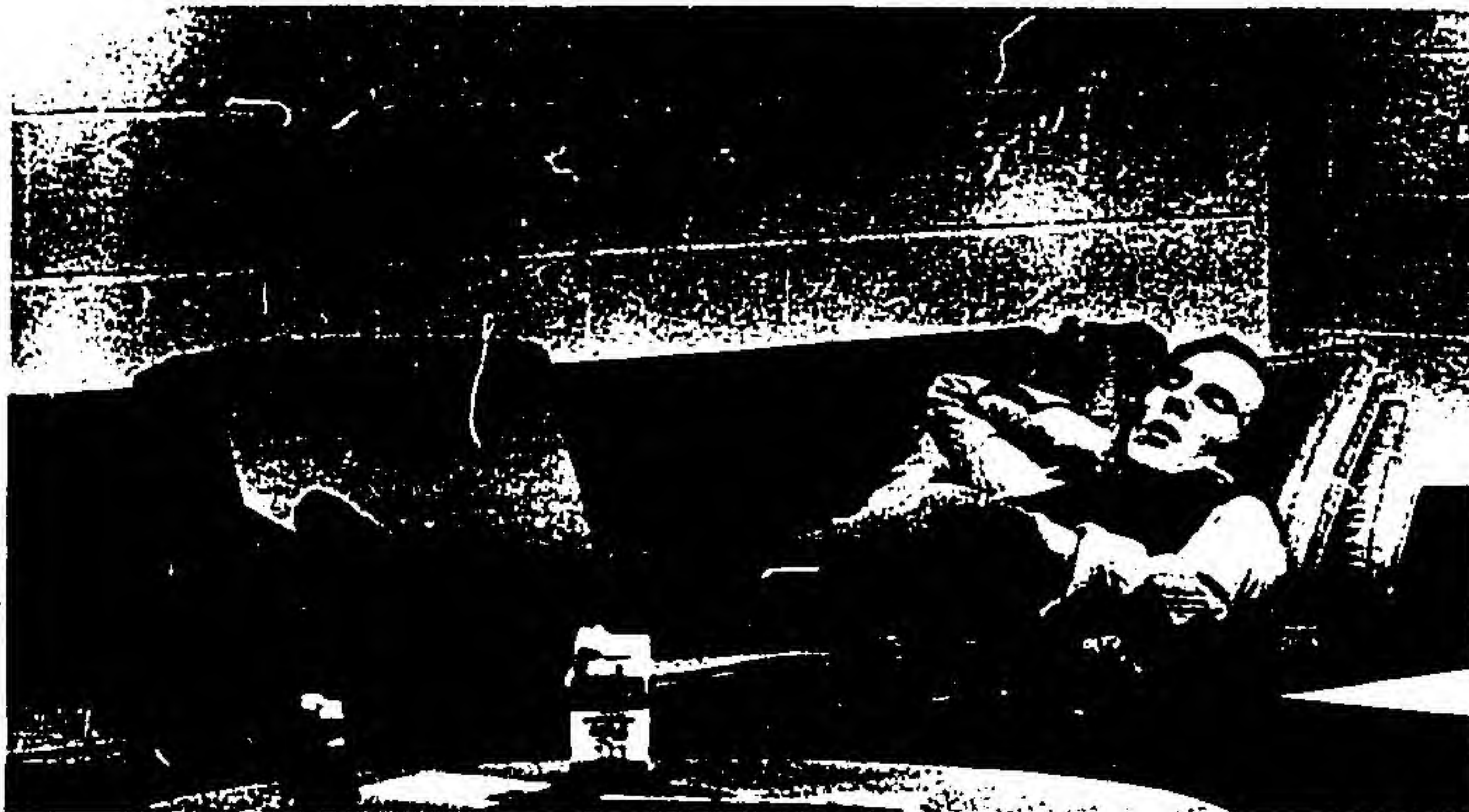


## Holiday Time



This week thanks to the technology of Singer-Friden, LAMBDA takes on a different appearance. As you will notice our columns are not justified (i.e. even) in a number of cases (such as this). This is due to an operational equipment breakdown. However we will attempt to bring the news to you, be it in a rather different appearance.

This is the last issue of lambda for the current.

The first issue should appear on January 4 next year if enough staff can be found to put it together. If not there will definitely be an issue on the 11.

We're still looking for staff members so if you feel like joining, feel free to do so.

Season's Greetings, and play safe over the holidays!

# lambda

vol. 10 no. 14

tuesday 14, december 1971

laurentian university, sudbury, ontario-ari-ario

### LAURENTIAN UNIVERSITY - UNIVERSITÉ LAURENTIENNE MEMORANDUM

To-A: Noel, son of Mrs. Beach

From-De: Bob Wilson, Lambda Lackey

Date ..... November 30 ..... 19..71

Re: Library hours during winter recess

Please be advised that Lambda staffers who have been goofing off for the entire first term and now must spend their religious holiday within the confines of our infamous library plagiarizing essays, will find the library hours to be the following:

~~Wednesday~~ december 23 closed at 12 noon.  
Thursday

Friday dec 24 to monday dec 27 closed

tuesday dec 28 to thursday dec 30 9am to 5pm

friday dec 31 to saturday jan 2 closed

monday jan 3 open at 9am.....regular hours again.....Lambda staffers return to koffee korner.

french translation on request.....all requests must be in triplicate with parents' signatures.



# do it do it do it

## WEDNESDAY DECEMBER 15

Pub "Cul de Sac" with \$.25 cover charge.

## THURSDAY DECEMBER 16

Pub "Cul de Sac" with \$.25 cover charge.

## FRIDAY DECEMBER 17

"Stompin Tom Connors" in concert in the Athletic Building, 8:30 p.m. Admission \$1.50, tickets available at La Boutede.

## MONDAY DECEMBER 20

La Boutede closes for the rest of the year. Lower Cafeteria closes for painting.

## FRIDAY DECEMBER 31

New Years Eve bash in the pub "Cul de Sac" featuring music by Phoenix. 8:30 p.m. till 1:00 a.m. with buffet. Tickets \$10.00 per couple are available at the SGA Business Office. A limited number will be sold (at \$10.00 per couple it is certain that a limited number will be sold).

## SUNDAY JANUARY 2

La Boutede Re-opens.

DO IT is a free service designed to let the university community know of important events during the coming week on campus. Should your group desire to place a 'blurb' in this section, submit it either in typed form, or by phone to the Lambda office by the Thursday before Tuesday publication.

## WEDNESDAY JANUARY 5

Pub "Cul de Sac", 4:00 p.m. till 7:00 p.m. \$.25 cover charge, & 7:00 p.m. till midnight \$.50 cover charge with entertainment by Tom Kelly.

## THURSDAY JANUARY 6

Pub "Cul de Sac", 4:00 p.m. till 7:00 p.m. \$.25 cover charge, & 7:00 p.m. till midnight \$.50 cover charge with entertainment by Tom Kelly.

## FRIDAY JANUARY 7

Pub "Cul de Sac", 4:00 p.m. till 7:00 p.m. \$.25 cover charge, & 7:00 p.m. till midnight \$.50 cover charge with entertainment by Tom Kelly.

6:30 and 9:00 p.m. SGA Film "Kelly's Heroes" in the Fraser Auditorium. \$1.00 per person.

## SATURDAY JANUARY 8

Pub "Cul de Sac", 4:00 p.m. till 7:00 p.m. \$.25 cover charge, & 7:00 p.m. till midnight \$.50 cover charge with entertainment by Tom Kelly.

6:30 and 9:00 p.m. SGA Film "Kelly's Heroes" in the Fraser Auditorium. \$1.00 per person.

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## Toronto student government told to decentralize self

TORONTO (CUP) - A student government Constitutional Conference at the University of Toronto has called for the decentralization of the central Students' Administrative Council (SAC).

Only 55 out of a possible 126 delegates attended the campus' first constitutional conference on Friday and Saturday, November 26 and 27. They approved 29 resolutions which will serve as guidelines for a series of subcommittees established to prepare a new SAC constitution for submission to the second Conference session in late January.

Two conflicting policies emerged as Medicine and Engineering delegates urged a restructured, almost non-political student government, while several others argued for a

strong, politically active student union.

One suggestion, pushed by this year's president of the U of T Engineering Society called for the formation of a new central student government (CSG) depending on local councils for most of its operating revenue.

As debate wore on, the Medicine Engineering alliance gained strength and eventually dominated the conference.

A key resolution calls for a new SAC fee lower than the present \$13.00 and a CSG dependent on local college and faculty councils for part of its annual operating funds. According to other successful resolutions, SAC would be forbidden to intervene in the affairs of in-

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Robert Brown

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**Santhe Record Man**





# Inco says no student summer jobs this year

By Greg Lubimiv

On December 7 a letter was received from the International Nickel Company informing the student placement office that they would be hiring no students this summer.

This information will affect many students in Sudbury since they depend on the company for employment during the summer break. Last year approximately 1,800 students, 400 of these from Lauren-

tian, were hired during the summer. Inco's action has added to the economic strife we are presently in and this summer's job opportunities for students seems bleak. When knowledge of the three week

August shut-down became public some concern was raised as to whether this would affect students this summer. Bob Hammer, in charge of Inco's public affairs, stated a few weeks ago that they had no details as to the effects but they would be arrived at in the future, as they have.

The cause of the situation is that Inco has more produce than it has markets and must slow down its production to alleviate the problem. This is taking the form of layoffs and the three week shut-down which will mean no student summer employment.

The effects of this on the University enrolment has been speculated upon. Some say because there are no jobs in Sudbury students will go to other cities and sub-

sequently other universities, but others say area students attending other universities will be forced to come here. Still others say that jobs have been a competitor with education and with little hope to find employment the only doors left open are the universities, leaving students to live off loans.

What will happen remains to be seen, but inevitably the effects will become evident. Sudbury, which has been noted for having the most stable economy in Canada, may be on the verge of a change, since the city depends entirely upon the International Nickel Company and Falconbridge Nickel. It is hoped that new markets or subsequent solutions will be found soon so that the problem will eventually cease to hamper the community.

## Pub loses \$, store makes \$

Recent financial statements for the Pub (Cul de Sac) and La Boutede show that while La Boutede is operating at a profit, the Cul de Sac is losing money. The statements cover the three months ending November 6, 1971.

The Income statements for La Boutede show the total revenues in sales to be \$21,300. When the costs of the goods sold is subtracted, a gross profit shown on the sales is \$9,000. From this a sum of \$4,700 is subtracted for total expenses which leaves a net profit of \$4,300. The total expenses include the costs of operation, including salaries for the staff, advertising and administrative expenses.

The Cul de Sac has a total revenue of \$29,500, which after sub-

traction of \$10,000 for the cost of the goods sold, leaves a gross profit of \$19,500. The operating expenses for the Pub however are high and account for the reason of the loss. Entertainment and salaries take chunks of \$10,400 and \$6,000 respectively. These totalled make up \$16,400 of the total expenses of \$23,100.

Other expenses include advertising, licences, supplies, food and mix, etc. The net loss is \$3,600.

Frank Reynolds, SGA business manager seems optimistic that the Pub would be able to operate more efficiently in the future. He stated that the entertainment costs for the second term would be considerably lower. He also felt that some of the loss was the result of the Pub's subsidizing some social

activities and the fact that some equipment damage and loss from last year was covered by the Pub's budget.

No price reductions are planned in La Boutede, due to the profit shown, but in April an overall review of the operation will be made and adjustments may be made at that time.

## Winter Carnival plans under way

Students wishing to assist in the planning and carrying out of Laurentian's annual Winter Carnival are asked to attend meetings which will be held Thursday evenings at seven o'clock in the student lounge next to La Boutede.

The Carnival, which will take place in the first week of February will feature: a carnival queen contest (for Suesan), snow sculpture

contest, chug-a-lug contest, mixed curling bonspiel, frisby contest, car-pub-rally, thu-o-war, taboggan relay race, mixed broomball, mixed hockey, and a skating relay race.

As well there will be sky-diving with Laurentian volunteers. There will be a beard contest for which contestants are asked to "start growing now".

There will also be numerous

social activities including a pub, Tuesday through Saturday, with "Top Line Entertainment". Also featured will be a coffee house, rock contest, wine and cheese party, sleigh ride, movie, and a semi-formal dance.

Plans are also underway for the first "Lambda 500". More information will be published in the first new year's paper on that event.

## Canadian Civil Liberties meeting today

A special meeting of the Canadian Civil Liberties Association is being held today to consider a report on the treatment of accused people from arrest by police to disposition by the courts.

The report produced a number of interesting statistics, including the fact that 79% of arrested accused had to wait in custody for longer than twelve hours before consulting a lawyer, and that 76% were questioned by police prior to consultation with legal counsel. Also 62% of those who gave statements to the police claimed that they were not advised by the police of their right to remain silent.

The report, Due Process Safeguards and Canadian Criminal Justice, published by the Canadian Civil Liberties Education Trust, is available to the public at \$5.00 per

copy and to CCLA members at \$2.00 per copy.

The meeting, taking place in Toronto, will discuss further action by

the CCLA on the matter and possible CCLA recommendations for legislative and administrative reform.

## CPR warns snowmobilers

subject to penalties under the law, according to Roddis.

The danger present is that the trains are not able to come to a fast stop.

The only legal place of crossing the railway tracks is at the marked railway crossings. Crossing the tracks at any place other than these marked areas is, as been mentioned, against the law.

It seems that people "in the pursuit of pleasure" continue to place their and other's lives, in danger.

S. E. Roddis of the CPR's Sudbury Investigation Department recently expressed a great deal of concern about the fact that a number of people have been riding snowmobiles on the company property. He said there have been a number of accidents between the trains and the snowmobiles in the past, some of which have resulted in death.

Under the Railroad Act the railway tracks are private property and people found trespassing are



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# lambda

**Editor-in-chief Noel Beach**

**Business Manager Ken Peake**

LAURENTIAN UNIVERSITY, SUDBURY, ONTARIO  
MEMBER - CANADIAN UNIVERSITY PRESS

Lambda is the official student newspaper of Laurentian University. It is published Tuesday weekly mid September to mid March by Lambda Publications, an independent association of the students of Laurentian University.

All opinions are those of the editorial staff unless otherwise stated.

Letters to the editors must be typed and cannot be printed unless signed with address and telephone number. Pen names will be accepted only if just cause can be shown.

Advertising is accepted by the Central Ad Bureau, Room L-219, R.D. Parker Bldg., Laurentian University or Yorkstream, 307 Davenport Road, Toronto 160, Ontario.

The Lambda office is Room L-222, R.D. Parker Bldg. Phone switchboard 675-1151, ext. 267 or directly 673-8613.

News Editor: Richard Woodley

Sports Editor: Bob Steklase

Fine Arts Editor: Shannon McWilliam

Photo Services: Doug Laycock

CAS Director: Frank Reynolds

this week: definitely a bad week, our repairman was in twice this week and still the machines were not working on Friday or Saturday or Sunday, and everybody was writing tests or essays, Noel was doing seminars all week and was in an especially bitchy mood, but he was here for layout anyway, also Margaret and Lyn, Bill, John, Greg, Richard and Brian showed near the end to get at least one brain drain in, Susan was here with her story on the kind of crap that is going in the Ivory tower, Dino's pizza showed up when a lot of others would deliver for a small fortune only, Chno is having difficulties and Bill Phillips told everybody his side of the story on the radio on Sunday, but strangely enough nobody was allowed to hear from Wolfhess unless you talked to him personally and he has a different story than the computer on Chno has to tell, yes folks we're now listening to machined music, go out and talk to the people walking around in front of and behind Chno, and Iaco has reached anew all time high pollution reading for the second time in two months- congratulations. This week the paper goes out to the 11th and 9th floors of the Ivory tower merry Christmas, happy new year and go on out to the airport on the 26th to wave goodbye to Brian who is leaving to spend his holidays representing Lambda and Laurentian at the 34th national Canadian University Press conference in Wolfville N.S. he is leaving at 9:10 a.m. he has consented to sign any and all autographs for the public. the end the end the end the end the end the end....

## In my opinion

By Bill Scandian

Christmas, the festive Yuletide season is fast approaching. The falling snow lends such a pleasant touch to this grand time of the year. Already the numerous and evident signs of the season surround us.

The department stores have put up colourful decorations and raised the prices of the articles, as they sincerely wish to help the people celebrate the birthday of whaishisface in the proper and acceptable manner. Out of the goodness of their hearts, which of course is created by this season, the stores of every town have the person of which Christmas is all about in their places of enterprise so that the children will be able to grasp the true meaning of Christmas. Yes, in most department stores Santa Claus sits and laughs jovially, as children flock to sit by him and enjoy the true meaning of Christmas. Hopefully, for the department stores, the children's parents will be able to give their children this meaning from the store's large stock of goods. This stock includes everything from a doll, that miraculously does everything human for the child's amusement with the exception of throwing up, to a soldier that does every military maneuver with, of course, the exception of hitting up on heroin. Yes, the phenomenal variety of stock the department stores have plays a decisive role in the true meaning of Christmas.

But not to be excluded from the meaning of the season is the amount of thought that goes behind every gift. It goes without saying that any gift that does not carry a price tag of at least ten dollars is quite naturally thoughtless.

As one walks down any street in Sudbury or any city, he sees the colourful display of Christmas lights as people try to show that they know how to celebrate the birth of whoever it was, better than his neighbours. The means of this proof, the multi-coloured lights and pictures of St. Nick and his sled, some of which even flash, all of which are costly, convey the spirit of the season. Those who do not put up the decorations obviously do not have the true spirit of Christmas. However, these Scrooges are in a definite minority so they cannot detract from the accepted manner.

Fortunately the most absurd and ridiculous decorations are the ones, thank heaven, that are not seen too often nowadays. These are shown by people that are not capable of seeing the true meaning of Christmas. One of the most prominent of these scenes is a picture of a bunch of long haired, bearded weirdos clad in robes, sitting and looking at a wailing little brat, that has some sort of light bulb over his head. The amusing thing is that they are all in a barn, with all the cattle and various assorted farm animals, when these goofs, three of them, come riding up on their camels and start rapping about the kid's future. Meanwhile, in the sky, there are these winged wonders all dressed in white, dancing like a bunch of faggots around this monstrous star, and singing hosannas in five part harmony. Now who could be stupid enough to link this nonsense to the festive time of Christmas.

The spirit of Christmas is highlighted by the beauty of giving.

One of the more heart warming acts of kindness is especially prevalent during this time of year. This is the benevolent act of charity. It is so gratifying to see people, who spend hundreds of dollars upon themselves finding within the goodness of their hearts to depart with an old broken unused toy or a raggy, tattered shirt that has been lying around the house for years, so that some poor child will have a gift for his Christmas. Also there are organizations which take up collections of food for poor peoples Christmas dinner. Indeed, it is wonderful to behold that people at this joyous time of year, have the integrity to share their good fortune with others. Yes people can receive so much and give so little. Peace on earth, good will towards men.

Ho! Ho! Ho!

## THE FIFTH COLUMN

By Richard W. Woodley

What is love?

What is this world all about. Are people really happy. Do people know what they really want out of life or are they simply goal oriented towards goals that they are artificially socialized into seeking. Is the pursuit of "happiness" the pursuit of love.

Love is portrayed as a saviour; but what is love. Love is seen as the solution of the world's problems and indeed it is. But how many people know what it really is and how many people really feel it. How can everyone in the world learn to love everyone else if few people can even learn to love someone else.

Is love happiness. And are too many people too busy worrying about happiness to love or be loved.

Is love relevant.

Happiness, unfortunately, is defined socially- society defines happiness and, as one has little control over one's society, one has little control over one's happiness or indeed over what one learns to consider as happiness.

Though love should be social in the sense that it is for others- it is not by my definition social. It is not socially defined for it is not definable. It is inner, it is a feeling, not exactly contentment but just a feeling of... love. It may not be exactly "bells ringing" but maybe more of a quiet reassuring even in the midst of desperation, "humming".

What is this all about anyway- a personal plea or a solution for humanity. Perhaps neither, perhaps both, perhaps nothing perhaps everything.

But there must be more to life than socially defined happiness- and socially defined love would be even worse and unreal- love is not socially definable.

What is love. Love is personal and interpersonal. Can love be mass- can one love the world. Love is "a complete giving of oneself" so can one completely give oneself to the world.

Let us start at the beginning. If everyone is to love everyone, then first of all everyone must love someone. But if love is "a complete giving of oneself" can one completely give oneself to another. And, in defence of individualism, is this desirable. But is this really, literally, what love is or is love just a feeling.

Love is an inner commitment. Not necessarily a commitment to another, but a commitment to yourself to another.

But why love. If love is not "happiness" and it may not always be so, if love is painful, why seek it. But is love painful, or does it just appear that way when compared to "social happiness".

I began by saying that love is portrayed as a saviour- but is it love that is portrayed or some form of "socialized love". Perhaps in its very nature love cannot be portrayed or described or talked about, but only felt. Then is this relevant. Is this talking about love or talking about "talking about love".

Have I been artificially socialized into falling for an artificial image of love. The closest I could come to describing "love", with the tools of language available, would be similar to the "self-sacrificial image of it", but it is not that and it is much more than that.

Perhaps it has a depth that society has socialized people out of being able to conceive.

Why love, especially if love is painful, why love. Society and the socialization process has defined man's society, man's goals, even man's happiness. It cannot define his love. It cannot prevent his loving. It can make it difficult and make it painful but it cannot destroy it or distort it.

Love is personal and as such is that which makes man human. It may be all that man has left in today's socialized technological world. It is inside and thus the outside cannot distort it or destroy it. It is humanity. It is life!

Merry Christmas Love



# As Canadian as Deer dung, Ptarmigan pturds and Moose muck....

## STOMPIN' TOM!

**I** The Albert's Hall Jug Band,  
Nashville North, the Cousin  
Bill Show and Saturday  
Night at the Horseshoe.

The Brunswick House is a foamy old hotel and beer parlor at the corner of Bloor and Brunswick in Toronto, and it's developed an interesting schizophrenia over the last few months. The old downstairs section attracts the usual beer-hall crowd—cabbies, construction workers, rubbies and others who stopped in on the way home and didn't leave until the 1 a.m. closing time.

But because it's not far from the University of Toronto, Rochdale College, and the student rooming-house area, and because it always had a lively amateur show, it started pulling in a hairier clientele. It made for an interesting mixture.

Whoever owns the Brunswick obviously had a good eye for a trend, and must have decided that if the young people wanted to mingle with the working class, there was a buck to be made. So a few months ago Albert's Hall opened up on the second floor, and the university crowd started streaming in.

Star attraction in Albert's Hall was a "jug-band" of kids who looked like anthropology students with shaggy beards, dressed in overalls, plunking a broomstick-and-washtub base, blowing into jug bottles, and doing satirical renditions of *The Sheik of Araby* and *The Green Green Grass of Home*. The place was packed. Shitkickin' music was in anyway; Nashville and Appalachia. Real folks. The middle class wanted Carter Family, and poor people's music, although it was all treated in the spirit of a good joke. Albert's Hall is still packing them in.

There was this summer (maybe there still is) a program on CTV hosted by Ian and Sylvia Tyson which specialized in country music. It was produced and shot in Canada, and no doubt nicely fit the Canadian content quota. It was called "Nashville North."

Harry Brown is an announcer at the CBC and, probably because he came from the Maritimes, he used to be the announcer of the Cousin Bill Show, a country music program CBC radio played in Toronto on Saturday mornings. It had quite a following. That's where he first met Tom Connors, when he made a guest appearance on the show.

"Hell, I didn't know what to make of the guy. I didn't know whether to think he was real or a put on. He was either the world's greatest liar or one of the most incredible people I'd ever met. By the time he finished talking and started playing, I was crazy about him. He was no put on."

The Horseshoe Tavern, probably the national shrine of country music, is on Queen Street near Spadina, near the garment and used-furniture district. It stinks of beer, it's lined with cheap plywood panelling and black and white pictures of ancient country music stars.

It can hold about 300 people, and does, every Friday and Saturday Night. There's a lot of Maritimers, a lot of people in from Sudbury or Timmins or the Soo. The women are dressed up in pink dresses, or frilly blouses, and their hair is up and sprayed to stay up. The men form a picture of pastel shirts with cigarette packs in the chest pocket, or double-vent jackets, sideburns clipped close to the cheekbones. The people are dressed up; this is a night out.

Beer comes in overpriced jugs or bottles, and you drink it out of short glasses like you get a Coke in at a restaurant. They're sitting a group to a table; two or three couples are

making it a night out. At other tables there are groups of men, also a bit dressed up and scrubbed-looking, but they form the rowdier semi-circle around the couples and groups nearer the one-foot-high stage platform. The average age in the place is about 35.

There's godawfully loud music coming from the four men on stage, and it rattles the beer glass on the table so you have to push it back off the edge every ten minutes.

Then Connors comes on; tall, gangling and a little stooped, black cowboy hat, grey shirt with the back vent sticking out under a black leather vest, he tries to grin and keep a cigarette in his mouth at the same time. A roar of clapping and pounding and "Hiya Tom" subsides as he talks:

"Now I ain't gonna tell any Newfoundland jokes. We don't tell Newfie jokes around Toronto anymore. Mainly cause we're gettin' outnumbered."

"Also cause down in Newfoundland they're startin' to tell Ontario jokes. Lemme tell you this one:

"This here mainlander moves to Newfoundland for some reason or other, and after a few weeks begins to get awful headaches, and notices somethin' funny. There's a ring right around his forehead, all the way around his head. He gets kind of worried after a few days and goes to see this old Newf doctor. Says how come I got these headaches and this ring round my forehead since I come here. I'm really worried."

"Doc says: Why hell, baye, there's nothin' wrong with you. Yer just full of shit and down a quart."

The place is pandemonium—laughing, pounding, beer-spilling, cheering, clapping, and a dozen people crying out "Bud the Spud, Tom", "Big Joe Mufferaw", "Algoma Central", others waving at him "How are ya Tom", whoops, shrieks, yelling, a wall of solid sound lasting minutes, while Connors gawks around wearing a sheepish grin and a long ash falls off his cigarette.

### III

The Past: the Strathspey,  
Bluegrass, Hank Snow,  
Wilf Carter, Rodeo Records,  
and the day they gave  
Tom Connors the Golden  
Spud.

Two very deep cultures developed on this continent, independent of each other, and produced the richest veins of all North American music. When radio came, they met and enriched each other; now one is dying from poverty, and the other is dying from wealth.

In Tennessee and Kentucky it was Bluegrass, and more generally, the country music of Jimmie Rodgers, Hank Williams, and the Carter Family.

In the Canadian Maritimes it didn't get any name, just "Maritime Music", and it spawned Hank Snow, Wilf Carter, Angus Chisholm and Winston "Scotty" Fitzgerald, and dozens more whose names are remembered only in the Maritimes.

Both pockets had deep roots in Scottish, Irish and some French music, both grew their own local variants in the soil of North America, and both nurtured the laments and wit of rural cultures in hard times. The Maritimes had more French, and a strong sea lore which Bluegrass didn't, but still they had a remarkably parallel development.

Maritime Music remained more faithful to the Scottish and French roots. Maritime fiddling, for example, didn't become as fast and flashy as Bluegrass, and is more strict in form, and also more melodic. Bluegrass stressed fast chords instead.

But the parallels are deep. In Maritime fiddling, to take one example, there's something called the Strathspey. It's a dirge-like lament that has a strong hint of bagpipe-sound to the melody and style. In Bluegrass, the equivalent is the lament for lost love—but you no longer hear the bagpipes.

It's risky to make generalizations, however. Whole folk cultures developed independently of each other in the Maritimes, and eastern Quebec, and the Ottawa valley. Prince Edward Island fiddling is quite different from New Brunswick Acadian, which is faster, and just a shade closer to Bluegrass. But Cape Breton Acadian fiddling is closer to Scottish.

"You can get into a pack of trouble making some statements about all this," Tom Gallant, a New Brunswick playwright now in Toronto, and a student of Maritime music, warned me. "A lot of Scottish fiddlers are like high priests, and don't admit to Don Messer, who has taken a more middle-of-the-road approach. But if you tell a Messer fan that he'll tear your head off."

Both Maritime and Bluegrass songs spoke of everyday experiences, and told stories. It was easy, then, for both strands to feed each other, as the basic themes and stories weren't much different.

Records began the Bluegrass-Maritime courtship, but radio made the marriage in the Thirties. Radio also led to an explosion of creativity in Maritime music, and the birth of the greats like Wilf Carter, and Hank Snow.

Rodeo Records was the symphony hall of the Maritime greats. They'd haul in someone like Angus Chisholm, probably the world's greatest living fiddler, and Winston "Scotty" Fitzgerald, and for a few bucks and some booze, record 20 or 30 cuts. The fiddlers and singers hardly made a living, but the radios were exploding with their music. And there wasn't a home on the coast that didn't boast a stack of Rodeo Records.

The first king of them all was Wilf Carter, a Nova Scotian who worked in the New Brunswick woods, fancied himself a cowboy, went West, and brought thousands to tears as CBC radio beamed out favorites like "Strawberry Roan." At radio CFCY in Charlottetown, Don Messer brought on the local fiddlers and singers, and became one of the great institutions of the country.



Then the God of them all came on—Hank Snow, a Nova Scotian.

In the Forties and Fifties, boys dreamed of meeting Wilf Carter or Hank Snow, and becoming country singers, like girls in the later Fifties in other parts of the country swooned over Elvis Presley.

Wilf Carter went to the States to gain his fame as Montana Slim. Hank Snow went to the States too, to bat out million-seller after million-seller. In the Maritimes, no matter where Snow lived now, he was the poet laureate. He had roots in both music cultures, and brought them to a new development. Wilf Carter eventually retired and is an old man in Winnipeg now, a lost memory to this generation. Hank Snow, still worshipped in the Maritimes, remains in the United States.

Nashville came along, took a part of Bluegrass and developed an Empire.

In the Maritimes, there were no massive recording companies to spread the music all over the country. Wilf Carter was gone, and Hank Snow was gone.

Toronto killed the Don Messer Show, imported Nashville and electronic perversions of bluegrass from the States, and threw on "Nashville North." You'll see a lot of "Nashville" singers in Toronto bars, and you can catch a really funny put-down act at Albert's Hall.

Tom Connors was in Charlottetown in 1960, and had to sleep in jail because he didn't have a place to stay, although PEI was his native province. Ten years of bumming around Canada, and singing, gave him his start in Ontario and the Lakehead, and finally he recorded "Bud the Spud", an incredible piece of PEI nationalism, an epic, centered around the PEI potato. It was the first of his songs that got national attention. It seems the Maritimes had spawned another Wilf Carter, but they hadn't seen him on home soil since they first heard of him with *Bud the Spud*.

Almost exactly 10 years after he had crashed in the Charlottetown jail, Stompin' Tom Connors arrived in Charlottetown airport. He had been invited to play for the country music festival PEI was organizing for Old Home Week.

When he got off the plane, hundreds were waiting, a jam of cars choked the road to the small airport, and the fire department was out to greet him. A motorcade hauled the stunned Connors through the streets to the concert area, and people lined the roads. When he arrived at the country music festival site, where he was the headliner, thousands were waiting.

Some government minister got up and presented Connors with The Golden Spud, and the thousands were going crazy.

Connors was choked over the award of the gilt-painted plaster potato, and later called it "the greatest moment of my life."

And when he sang that incredible song about trucking potatoes from New Brunswick to Toronto, as Tom Gallant, who was there, said, "the place was pandemonium. I've never seen anything like it. There was hardly a dry eye in the place...."

*"It's Bud the Spud, from the bright red mud,  
Rollin down the highway smilin'.  
The spuds are big, on the back of Bud's rig,  
They're from Prince Edward Island . . .*

*Now from Charlottetown or from Summerside,  
They load them down for the big long ride  
He jumps in the cab and he's off with the bright  
seabagons*

*"Ya, the cops have been lookin' for the son of a gun  
That's been rippin' the tar off the 401  
They know the name on the truck shines up in the sun:  
Green Gables.  
Well, he hits Toronto and it's seven o'clock,  
And he backs her up agin' the terminal dock  
And the boys gather round just to hear him talk,  
About another big load of potatoes."*

Wilf Carter and Hank Snow had gone, but Tom Connors came back.

### III

To and from Skinner's Pond, the Coal Boat, Stevedore Steve Foot, and the Maple Leaf Hotel.

Connors is speaking; slowly, almost drowsily, occasionally sipping his beer. We are in Tom Gallant's living room in Toronto, at two in the morning, after the show at the Horseshoe. Connors is still wearing the battered black cowboy hat, and only once did he remove it for a second to run his hand through his black hair. He stared at a spot in the rug.

"I was a bastard child; my first memories are of hitchhiking all over the place with my mother. I must have been pretty young, because in all my memories she still had to carry me as she hitchhiked.

"We were on our way somewhere to Yarmouth, Nova Scotia, because she had some relatives there or something.

"I was taken away from my mother by the authorities and I remember that night too. There was a couple of detectives and a woman from the Children's Aid, and we fought and scrapped and everything with them and I was hiding under the tables and running all over the place, and anyway, they finally nailed me. From that time, I went to an orphanage, St. Patrick's, in Saint John, New Brunswick. And after that—I was there a couple of years—I was adopted out by my foster

parents in Skinner's Pond, Prince Edward Island, I guess I was around seven then. I'm 34 now.

"I ran away from home, Skinner's pond, when I was about 13 years old, and from there I went to Saint John and I was working on the docks until the Children's Aid got wind of it again. They told me either they'd send me back to PEI or I'd have to go to school for another couple of years in Saint John. I never lasted out the two years. I joined a K.C. Irving coal boat.

"I had been writing songs since I was about eleven, and when I was in this boarding house in Saint John there was this French fella from New Brunswick who had a guitar; he taught me about three chords, two of which I found out later was wrong, and I bought his guitar for \$19; it was probably worth around \$3, but it was my first guitar. So I started making up tunes too, and would sing some when I worked on the coal boat and all around.

"I started to wander all over the place, all over North America actually; I was travelling with this friend Steve Foot—he's got records out too now, Stevedore Steve Foot. We would often go into a park or something and sit down on the bench and I'd start playing and singing, and when we got a crowd Steve'd pass the hat and we'd get some dimes that way. If the law ran us out of the park and we had to work or something, we'd pick up a job in a construction outfit, work in the bush, or dig a grave like we did for this guy in Fort McLeod, Alberta.

"I guess I had been roaming around for about ten years, anyway, and I had been writing a lot of songs and I'd be knocking on a lot of doors throughout the country. I'd go into different radio stations and ask them if I could sing a couple of songs—some would laugh at you, and others would say ya, c'mon in during the western show and sing a couple.

"I knocked on a lot of recording company doors, and publishing companies, and I was kind of a laugh to them. Because when they heard my material, it was all stuff that I had written, and mainly about this country, and towns in this country, and that was kind of a no-no to these people. You know, they thought if it isn't the Nashville sound, then it just isn't going to go. One thing they were really sure of, nobody wanted to hear anybody sing about places like Timmins or Tillsonburg.

"One day, when I was about 28 or 29 I guess, I arrived in Timmins with about 35 cents in my pocket and I went to the Maple Leaf Hotel. The beer was 40 cents, and I asked the waiter if he'd put up another nickel. He said well, if you play that guitar you got there with you, we'll buy you maybe two or three beers. So I said alright, had a couple of beers and sung a couple of songs, and the next thing I know the bartender calls up the owner, who comes in and offers me a job singing for Friday and Saturday night.

"He said if I could pull a few people in he might give me \$10 or \$15 and a room. And if you go over, he said, maybe I'll hire you. Best part was the room, cause I had no place to stay that night.

"There was no stage so they just moved one table out of the corner, no microphone, so you just had to shout from one end of the room; it was a long narrow room.

"So then for six months I worked there for \$35 a week; he kept holding me over each week. Then I got a raise to \$75 for another three months, and then another raise to about \$105.

"I started to catch on there in Timmins, and they had me on the radio now and then, and a couple of times on Timmins television. So I began to move out a bit, I went to Kapuskasing, Kirkland Lake, and a few of those places, and eventually it spread out to Sudbury, Wawa, Sault Ste. Marie, all those places. Then I came to Toronto and I got a recording contract.

"You know, all that time before Timmins I just used to roam here and there. There was many times on the highway that if there was no cars coming the particular way I was going, I'd go to the other side of the road and thumb back the other way. Because it didn't matter where I was going, so long as I was going places."

### IV

Joe Mufferaw, the Algoma Central and getting pissed in Sudbury.

I never thought that nationalism was so deeply ingrained in this country until the first time I saw Connors at the Horseshoe. To have students, writers and professionals, or disenfranchised businessmen sound nationalist in the wake of surcharges is no shock. But I still wasn't prepared to believe this sentiment ran particularly out of control in Sudbury or Timmins.

And I've seen a packed crowd go wild over a singer before. But I've never never seen so much unrestrained joy and applause as when this rumpled Islander got up and started strumming something like:

*"She's on a bar-hopping spree  
Back in San Saint Maurice,  
Because of me  
She's now a fallen star . . .  
She could have been true,  
But I left her in the Sun,  
And I travelled North upon the ACR.  
Well a-let's go home or be a rover, I've made up my  
mind,  
So take me home tonight Algoma Central 65."*



Maybe it's the combination of someone singing a Bluegrass love lament, only it's set in the towns that no one would stoop to sing about.

The Toronto subway has ads coaxing and begging people to see a Canadian play at the St. Lawrence Centre, or come to Stratford, and the CRTC's debating Canadian content, and this beer-hall on Queen Street has people going crazy in it and a line-up around the block.

Connors stands on a plywood board ("I ruined so many rugs stomping that bar owners made me stand on a plywood board") and his left foot is smashing a beat that is echoed by every flat in the room pounding the table. By the end of the night (I saw it) there was a hole in the half-inch thick plywood.

Connors worked as a miner, tobacco picker, coal-boater, construction worker, almost everything. And on his 17 LPs the songs chronicle the smallest towns and the hardest jobs. *Sudbury Saturday Night* is about the joys of getting pissed in that INCO mining and smelting town, and the way he sings it is just what it's like in the Nickel Range Hotel on a Saturday Night—a civil disorder. *Tillsonburg* moans about the lowest of the migrant labor jobs in Southern Ontario, the miserable tobacco-picking circuit where they used to import blacks from the West Indies to do the dirtiest work. *Coal Boat Song* is a funny love story set around the Newfoundland coal boats. *The Bridge Came Tumbling Down* is an epic song about a disaster that killed 19 men in Vancouver. His songs about the Black Donnellys are masterpieces of Canadian folklore.

Some of the songs are corny, and the rhymes awkward. But after a few minutes that becomes part of Connors too and his gangling, stumbling manner; and they're no funnier than a lot of pieces of country music. Besides, there's nobody complaining at the Horseshoe. Up near the stage there's a group recording parts of the performance for the CBC. But they're only recording the introductions and the applause, because music union regulations prevent transcribing a live performance for straight use on radio without complicated arrangements. But the audience doesn't know that, so when one of the CBC people shuts off the tape recorders as Connors starts to sing, others around that table start getting ugly—"Whatsa matter? You don't like that song? What the hell's wrong with it?"

Connors mentions the name of a town in a song, say Kirkland Lake, and an entire table at the left rear roars and pounds and cheers. They're from Kirkland Lake. And if he sings a song that mentions five towns, the place is like a pin-ball machine—first this lights up, then that one clicks over there, and the other one bongs.

Connors is still talking; it's six in the morning:

"Like when I had that first job for 14 months up in Timmins, a lot of groups came in week after week into a lively town like Timmins. Some big names too.

"And someone would make fun of this guy at the Maple Leaf Hotel. One guy especially, you'd recognize his name, but I won't tell you. I had a song called *Caroline* about Timmins, and a song about Kirkland Lake and Rouyn called *Movin' Out to Rouyn*. And this guy—he had everything all set up—he'd say "And we've got this guy Tom Connors and he's movin' out to Rouyn with Caroline on his back . . . and he's doin' this and he's doin' that" and he went on and on. Needless to say they grabbed him. And he wasn't even playing anywhere near the hotel where I was, but he was in Timmins. But he underestimated the people in Timmins, and how much they liked what I was doing. Because about six of them grabbed him and threw him right out on the sidewalk, with his guitar still on him. Guitar broke into smithereens. Threw him right out the door."

## V

The trip to Hank Snow's ranch: Sleepy McDaniels, the tribute to Wilf Carter.

"I would have had a lot of things to say about Hank Snow, but I read an article in which he says that the proudest minute of his life, he says, was in 1958 when he became a citizen of the great United States.

"I could tell you a lot of stories about different times I went to see Hank Snow. I seen me hitchhike 3,000 miles to see Hank Snow.

"The last time I met Hank Snow I was workin' on the same show with him, in the same dressing room. After all the times I tries to meet him and I got snubbed, I always put it down to the man being busy . . . when you really love somebody's music you can make a lot of excuses for them. The show was in Rockfield Park near Orangeville, Ontario, and he's standing there all by himself and I think I'll go over and say something to him. I went over and I held out my hand. I said Hank, I tried to meet you a lot of times before, I don't mean to take up much of your time, but I've always been a fond lover of your music—and I've still got my hand out like that, standing there, he just grunted and mumbled and walked away.

"I think it was two days that I hadn't had anything to eat when I arrived in Rainbow Ranch, Tennessee, and I came there because Hank Snow was 'it'. I was sitting on the corral where he keeps his horse. Me and Steve Foot and a guy named Jimmy Fox. We waited for about two hours, and then all the limousines and busses come. When he sees us he tells his base player, fella called Sleepy McDaniels—he's dead—to get rid of us. So he come over, and asks what's going on boys, and we tell him we hitchhiked all the way from the Maritimes to see Hank, and we sneaked across the border at Fort Erie, Ontario. I remember we sneaked under the rafters under the railroad bridge, and were standing over this water with trains

going over waiting for the watchman to change shift so we can sneak past on the lower rafter.

"Anyway, I think Sleepy McDaniels kind of felt sorry for us, and went in and said he'd see—he could get Hank to see us. But he came out after a couple of minutes, and said all about how busy Hank was and everything. Sleepy McDaniels bought us a meal in town later.

"I was crazy about Hank Snow and Wilf Carter when I was a kid. I wanted to be just like them. I remember hearing their songs on the radio all the time. You know, I've got this song out on my last album called *Tribute to Wilf Carter*. And I was talking to Tommy Hunter the other day, when I was doing his show, and he told me he was in Winnipeg when Wilf Carter was in this radio station recently and this technician asks him if he ever heard my song. So apparently Carter hadn't and this technician plays it for him. Tommy Hunter tells me the guy had tears in his eyes at the end. I'd dearly love to meet that old bugger someday, Jesus I would."

## VI

Excerpts from a letter written by an irate New Brunswick woman to the Tommy Hunter show.

"Hopefully I was the only one to watch tonight's program. I endured the whole disaster with my head hung in despair and embarrassment.

"He didn't get named Stompin' Tom Connors for sitting on stools. How could you dare to sit Stompin' Tom on a high-chair in front of that outrageous set and expect him to sing as he loves to sing? When you finally allowed Tom his stompin' board you placed him in that hideous general store. And the rockers! You might have saved some money by scrapping all those horrible fences, trees, mood scenes and various gadgets that characterize your set.

"Country music sings about life without the frills. Stompin' Tom once said that wherever there is truth, no matter how much garbage and junk it's buried under, it will always manage to make its way through. That is all I want to say."

## VII

On Newfies, the Country, the City and Nashville.

"I run down myself. I don't run down anybody else. The Newfies can take jokes. If the other nine provinces could laugh at themselves as much as the Newfies can, and take the jokes, this would be a hell of a lot better country to live in. And that's a fact.

"Now, mind you, Prince-Edward Islanders are just as good at it, and so are Cape Bretoners, but when you start talking about the Mainland, it starts getting a little worse as you come along. And sophistication, you know, it multiplies itself the further west you go from the islands of the east coast.

"Then you get a strong part in the middle of Ontario, then it starts degressing again little by little. For instance, even in Winnipeg, they're a little higher than they are in Saskatchewan. Saskatchewan are beautiful people, and Alberta and the eastern part of British Columbia. But then you start getting towards Vancouver and you get this thing again. I think it's got a lot to do with rural people. They're closer to the stock."

"It's not the guy in Sudbury, or Timmins that's hung up on American or Nashville music. It's in the cities.

"Let's face it, the majority of the country is always the poorer class. These are the voters that are told how to vote, and where to put their vote, these are the guys that are brain-washed into thinking this is what you should have, and they go along with it. But you can only tell them so long this is what you should do and this is what you shouldn't do.

"But then some jackass like Stompin' Tom comes along and throws a monkey wrench into the whole machinery. I come along and say look that's not the way it is. The way it is is the way you want it. Your kind of thing. We're talking about you. OK, You tell this kind of jokes, you do this, you do that, and that's the way you like it, that's the way you're going to get it.

"We ain't going by what somebody from a university or college or from a government—whatever they say, take it with a grain of salt. But in the meantime we've got some songs here and we're going to sing them the way you like them.

"And you know, that tears them apart. I know. They know. I've done these jobs, I've lived with them. There's not one guy from the working class can come up to me and say, look here, Tom, you're full of shit. They sense it somehow. They know I don't get up there and say Oh Yeah, here I am, I'm the great Stompin' Tom and don't you forget now, you little working men down there, I'm for you.

"Oh No. No. No. They know goddam well that's not the story at all."

Mark Starowicz is one of the founders of *The Last Post*. He thanks Tom and Cathie Gallant for their assistance and "the crash course on Maritime music."



## Monopoly Charge In N.B.; Irving Owns All 5 Papers

BURTON, N.B. (CP) — Charges that K. C. Irving Ltd. and three New Brunswick publishing companies formed a monopoly in the English-language newspaper field in the province were laid in provincial court Wednesday under the Federal Combines Act.

Four charges dealing with monopoly and merger were presented before provincial court Judge Charles Tweeddale naming K. C. Irving Ltd., New Brunswick Publishing Co. Ltd. of Saint John, Moncton Publishing Co. Ltd. and the University

Press of New Brunswick Ltd. in Fredericton.

The three companies publish the only five English-language dailies in the province. All the papers are owned by interests of Saint John industrialist K. C. Irving.

Fredericton lawyer William Hoyt represented the government during the brief court appearance. Mr. Hoyt said the next court appearance before Judge Tweeddale was set for Dec. 22. Pleas are expected to be entered at that time. There were no defence lawyers in the courtroom Wednesday.

Just outside of Saint John, New Brunswick, is the gleamingly modern Irving Oil refinery plant. Visitors to the site can listen to a strategically placed intercom replay a taped message extolling the virtues of the refinery and K.C. Irving.

The Saint John Telegraph-Journal and Evening Telegram, Moncton Times and Transcript, and The Fredericton Gleaner are all the daily English-language newspapers in New Brunswick. Even a cursory perusal will show that the Irving industry has as much deference in their pages as it is in the refinery's taped messages.

There's a reason for all this. Both the refinery and all the newspapers are owned by the same person: K.C. Irving.

"There were many situations in New Brunswick that cried out for media coverage — but they received little or no attention from the Irving group because of the danger of involving an Irving interest other than the mass media," — Senator Charles McElman

For a long time, Charles McElman was a political outsider — a Liberal in New Brunswick, a province that has traditionally elected Conservatives. Yet Charles McElman was also the man who brought the outsiders to power.

As full-time Liberal Party organizer from 1954 on, he was probably the man most responsible for the party's unexpected 1960 upset victory that brought Louis Robichaud to power and turned the once-outside Liberals into the very pillars of the establishment.

After serving as Robichaud's executive assistant for six years, McElman was elevated to the Senate in 1966. In those hallowed chambers, McElman did the unthinkable for a New Brunswicker. He attacked K.C. Irving, and, more specifically, his interests within the media.

Perhaps it was his senatorial immunity that suddenly emboldened McElman for the attack, or perhaps it was the late-60's friction between the Liberals and Irving. But, no matter the reason, McElman revealed to the public the flagrant abuses of the Irving press.

The first inkling of the skirmishes to come was the outcry that was raised when Keith Davey asked McElman to become a member of his commission on the Mass Media. He was characterized by the hostile press as a Liberal Party hack and a man out to get Irving. A December 1969 appearance by Irving, Fredericton Gleaner editor Michael Wardell and Saint John Telegraph-Journal publisher Ralph Costello, was remarkable only in the amount of venom that the Irving group spat out at McElman. Other than that, the only newsworthy connection between the committee and the Irving group was the fact that the RCMP had to be used to collect some of the information relating to the ownership of the newspapers — a move unprecedented in Canadian history — at least where "respectable businessmen" were concerned.

But then on March 10 and 11, 1971, in a speech to the Senate, McElman offered a far-ranging indictment of the Irving press. After detailing the vast conglomerate structure of the Irving Empire, he urged that a Press Review Board be set up "to ensure that the news business continues to be everybody's business."

He referred to the Toronto Daily Star's characterization of New Brunswick as "Irving's private empire, complete with its official press — print and electronic." Again he reiterated the theme of the New Brunswick as a "journalistic disaster area" and outlined the specific abuses in numbered and numbing detail.

Finally he called for a "free and independent press in New Brunswick"; a press that would be a watchdog of the Irving corporate structure and the provincial government.

This was one of the biggest news stories to affect New Brunswick in a long time, yet the Irving press was so docile and submissive to their master, and so used to sugar coating news that the story was either run without comment or held back so as to link it with attacks on McElman himself.

The New Brunswick press will be analyzed in detail later on, but to understand it and to understand New Brunswick, you have to understand K.C. Irving.

"Irving's got a piece of everything that goes down here, and if he hasn't got it, it doesn't go." — local industrialist

K.C. Irving was born in Buctouche, New Brunswick, in 1899 to a moderately well-off family — his father was in the logging business. He opened his first bank account at the age of five with the money he made selling the produce from his mother's vegetable garden. Today, Irving lives in a \$250,000 home in Saint John, and heads a giant conglomerate empire whose worth is estimated at \$400 million. His interests now include gas stations, oil refineries, pulp and paper mills, shipping transportation and the media.

Irving's success story could also have happened only in New Brunswick, for the man is virtually tied to the province, which he has not left for an extended period of time except for his days in the Royal Flying Corps, and a brief trip to the west in the early '20's. Yet Irving's success has also meant that there can be no other major capitalists in New Brunswick — his vast holdings and capital resources have allowed him to squeeze out anyone in competition with him.

## MEDIA MANIPULATOR

## A STORY OF K.C.

"Expansion is the thing" — Irving Oil Co. slogan

In reality, Irving was almost literally forced into his position as a major capitalist of the Maritimes. As a bright young man, home from his adventures in the west in 1921, he opened an agency to sell Ford cars and Imperial Oil in his native Buctouche. Later on, however, under pressure from his local rivals, Imperial (Esso) withdrew their franchise. Undeterred, he borrowed \$2,000 from a local bank and with an old storage tank and a few trucks, went into the oil business himself, importing his supplies from Oklahoma, South America and the Middle East. Today, with 2,000 service stations throughout the east, he owns what is easily the largest retail gas outlet in the Maritimes.

Irving purchased the first of his fleet of tankers a little later, when he had a falling out with the CNR. The Maritime representative of the company had threatened to transport his rival's products at a cheaper rate and force him out of business, and so angered Irving that he vowed to use tankers to the exclusion of the railroad. (This explains his later interest in the Chignecto Canal — it would benefit his own ships.)

From then on his interests naturally diversified. His oil interests led him to the construction of a refinery; his tankers interested him in the acquisition of the Saint John dry docks; his newspaper interests led him to the purchase of a pulp and paper mill. It would take too much space to list all the rest; suffice to say that they include a steel mill, the bus transit system for both Saint John and Moncton, a tanker terminal (Canaport) and the SMT provincial bus line. Incidentally, in his 50 years in business, there has never been any public stock offering from any of his companies.

Irving's only passion is making money, and he excels at it. As Ralph Allen pointed out in MacLean's, in the only major article on the man, Irving doesn't smoke, drink, listen to music, read, look at paintings, or fish. Outside of high finance, his only known activity is going to church on Sunday. It might have been Irving that Weber was referring to when he wrote "The Protestant Ethic and the Spirit of Capitalism."

"New Brunswick is proud, poor and patriotic. Who keeps it that way? Irving." — worker at Irving's refinery

It's obvious that with such far-ranging businesses throughout the Maritimes, K.C. Irving would have interests in all matters that affect the area. In the fields of labor and education, he's in favor of any change provided it doesn't rock the boat. His relationship with the government, however, is a little more complex.

Irving and the University of New Brunswick have a rather straight-forward arrangement. Over the years he has given the campus \$10 million, and in exchange, has sat on the Board of Governors. His last appearance there, however, was in October 1968, when he helped oust radical professor Norman Strax whose most revolutionary act seemed to be the organization of a "book out" to protest the library regulations. Although the captive Irving press was clearly on the administration's side, the use of police to physically oust Strax earned the University censure from the Canadian Association of University Teachers.

Irving's proudest claim regarding labor is that he employs more New Brunswickers than anybody else. In fact, with 14,000 workers, he employs one-tenth of the province's work force, excluding the provincial government. The catch is that he also pays them what he feels like, which is usually far lower wages than in the rest of Canada.

He's also not above strike-breaking. In 1948 he refused to accept the unanimous recommendations of the conciliation board for wage and hour adjustments in his Saint John Oil yard, and 50 men went on strike. Irving was so angered by their intractability in sticking to their demands for fair wages, that he personally mounted the cab of one of his trucks and drove it through the picket line. The strike collapsed soon afterwards when the workers accepted Irving's terms.

Perhaps the most famous and frustrated anti-irving strike was the one carried on for six months by the workers at his oil refinery in Saint John. The strike involved the workers seeking wage parity with the rest of Canada, and it culminated with the burning of Irving's effigy at noon in the central square of Saint John. Irving didn't take the indignity lying down.

First he went to the Supreme Court and received an injunction banning secondary picketing of his gas stations, and then another banning mass picketing, successfully limiting the strike to a couple of symbolic pickets at the plant gates. When the workers still refused to give in, he went on CHSJ radio (an Irving operation) and told the strikers to accept his terms for a graduated pay raise or else. Characteristically, the two Saint John papers, The Times-Globe and The Evening Telegraph-Journal, gave his pronouncement more space than any other strike news. With the press and most of the public against them, the strikers capitulated, went back to work on his terms, and have remained docile ever since.

The battle also gave rise to one of Irving's more famous pronouncements. When Claude Jodoin, then president of the Canadian Federation of Labor, offered his rather half-hearted support to the strikers, K.C. attacked him for one of the most obvious reasons. It seemed that Jodoin, no matter what other sterling qualifications he might possess, lacked one important attribute. He was not a New Brunswicker.

"I don't believe in government subsidies except as a short-term stop-gap, or in very special cases. Where I believe government can be most helpful is in adjusting policies to create a climate in which business can make its own way." — K.C. Irving



(Photo Courtesy The Athenaeum)

While Irving's relationships with the provincial municipal governments in New Brunswick are complex, certain formulae. Whatever K.C. wants, K.C. gets.

It was the Conservative government that Robichaud which began the New Brunswick tradition of lending money to help finance his schemes. The reasoning was that the would bring to the province would offset the loss. Of course, bankrolling every scheme, they helped to build up his themselves wide open to any abuses his companies would.

The Irving Company is above the law. When a 1968 bill was passed by the legislature, it was under the corporations were not included. This was part of a long-stated that Irving's companies could do just what they wanted waterways. In fact, one agreement that the company government allowed it to:

"divert the flow of any watercourse, to such extent necessary or useful in connection with any of company... if any resistance or opposition made by a company, or any person acting for it, entering upon or taking any land, a Judge of the Supreme Court may issue a writ... directing him to put down such resistance and putting the company, or some person acting for it, in possession of the land... if there ever was one."

Politicians have always feared that opposing Irving progress, for Irving has made himself the apostle of New Brunswick.

This brings up another point in regard to charivari. Never, in his speeches calling for more government, perpetuates New Brunswick ingenuity, and by inference, he mentions that Standard Oil of California owns 51 per cent of that Kimberly-Clark owns 35 per cent of his pulp and paper.

The construction of this same pulp and paper mill control of the province in an even more bizarre way. In help out the American giant, Irving constructed the mill suburb of Saint John. In exchange for building the mill 30-year graduated tax concession, and 25-year water supply City Councils.

The only opposition came from Lancaster mayor who went all the way to the Fredericton legislature to ask: "Who could tell what Irving's dollars would be valued?"

Irving's press sprang into action. A front page of John Telegraph-Journal attacked the mayor's proposal as "obstructionism". Irving himself replied in Times-Globe that every encouragement should be given to the bill.

Despite Mayor Mitchell, the bill did pass, but with a 30-year provision. Within a couple of years, the city rates for householders as most of the water supply was the new mill.



# IRVING AND NEW BRUNSWICK

By Ken Waxman, *The Georgian*

When, in 1963, Louis Robichaud tried to remove these industry concessions to finance his Program for Equal Opportunity, the Irving media had a new villain to add to their lists.

At first, it seemed as if Robichaud's 1960 victory would make no difference to Irving. The two were all smiles during the first two years of the Liberal administration. The Acadian even went hat in hand to Ottawa when the Irving drydocks needed business, and personally persuaded the Pearson government to give two contracts to Irving.

But once Robichaud's Equal Opportunity Program was unveiled, the two became a good deal less friendly. Irving wondered how Maritime industry could survive if not granted special concessions and said so in his newspapers. Robichaud stuck to the program.

There are those who say that Irving was so disenchanted with the Liberals after they unveiled the program, that it was he who persuaded Charles Van Horne, a former Irving trouble-shooter, to challenge Robichaud. It's said that Irving's money financed Van Horne's whirlwind campaign, first for the Conservative leadership, and then for the premiership in 1967.

Although Robichaud was again victorious, and Van Horne faded from the scene, Irving must have been elated last year. Robichaud and the Liberals finally went down to defeat, and the new premier, Richard Hatfield, is an old line Tory and a firm supporter of big business.

It is for these reasons that New Brunswickers need an honest and muck-raking print and electronic press and why the Irving interests work so hard to "protect" the public from this.

"Let's say it was half an hour before the paper's deadline and you got word . . . that an Irving Oil truck hit a car. You could not print that story unless you were able to get the managing editor (and) . . . the publisher. If you could not get to them, you held the story no matter how serious the incident. It was unbelievable the way the paper protected Irving." — John Jones, former provincial editor of the *Telegraph-Journal*

As the few examples mentioned above have shown, news management is not a rarity in the Irving media — it's a fact of life.

Government commissions are not usually known for their radical points of view or for muck-raking activities; but the Irving control is so obvious that the report of the Davy Commission came out against it.

On page 89 of Volume 1, it notes the case of Laurier LaPierre addressing a student gathering, speaking against capitalism, the press and K.C. Irving, and incidentally, coming out against unification of the Maritime provinces. The Commission then notes how the Maritime press covered the story.

*The Moncton Times* headlined the story, "Maritime Union — Waste of Time and Resource". Of the 20 inches the article took up, one and a quarter were devoted to the attack on Irving, two inches covered LaPierre's comments on the press, and the rest of the article dealt with the Maritime Union and economic development. Nowhere did the word "socialism" appear.

*The Saint John Telegraph-Journal*, *Moncton Transcript*, *Saint John Evening Times-Globe* and *Fredericton Gleaner* carried essentially the same story. Not one was going to truthfully report any attack against business and K.C. Irving.

The Commission also mentioned how *The Mysterious East* a radical monthly, had scooped the dailies in reporting that the head of the New Brunswick Water Authority, the body in charge of enforcing anti-pollution laws, was also general manager of the New Brunswick Forest Products Association — the lobbying organization for the pulp and paper industry.

The story was no doubt ignored because K.C. Irving owns both the five papers and one of the province's largest pulp and paper mills.

Stories of news mismanagement, omissions and just plain hanky-panky abound. Amongst the more obvious:

- \* *The Saint John Telegraph-Journal* has run editorials condemning water pollution, but none have dealt with the spillage from Irving tankers or waste from the Irving pulp mills that have turned Saint John harbor and river into a mass discharge.

- \* John Jones, former provincial editor of *The Telegraph-Journal*, relates how the paper could not report the cause of fire where houses burned down from oil furnace explosions because, after all, K.C. Irving sells fuel oil.

- \* *The Telegraph-Journal* frequently allows the government to write its own news, and runs it as is. A government source told Ken Bagnell of the *Globe* magazine this emphatically — "If we sent out 100 press releases, they'll print 100."

- \* In Irving newspapers, every obituary must run in the paper, for obituaries are privileged paid for items, not fillers like news.

- \* None of the papers have a regular Ottawa correspondent, but instead rely on syndicated columnists and Canadian Press dispatches to report rather than analyze the capital's news.

- \* No Irving paper carried the entire text of Senator McElman's March speech attacking Irving. A characteristic performance was that of *The Moncton Times*, who defended Irving in an editorial, and ran excerpts from McElman's speech on the news page. *The Telegraph-Journal's* treatment was even more insidious. They held on to the story for one day, then ran it along with a column by Richard Jackson, headlined "Venomous . . . Garbage . . . Scoundrelous . . . MP's react to McElman's charges", in which Jackson quoted anybody and everyone who could be found in opposition to McElman and could be counted upon to repeat any old charges against him.

- \* At the height of the 1963 strike against Irving, *The Saint John Evening-Telegram* ran four editorials. The first petitioned the CBC to revoke the decision to remove The Ed Sullivan Show. The second urged Canada to begin training its hockey team for the next Winter Olympics; the third urged that a tunnel be built under the Elgin Canal, and the fourth came out in favor of the Flowers of Spring. A good way to avoid any local controversial issues.

- \* *The Telegraph-Journal* editorialized against the lack of fire-boats in the Saint John Harbor January 7, 1971, and implied that it was this that caused the loss of five lives on the Irvingstream. Yet, when the coroner's inquest proved that it was the negligence of the crew that led to the fire, the story went unreported because of who owns the Irvingstream.

- \* Charles McElman was flayed by the Irving press when he revealed on March 11, 1969, that *The Fredericton Gleaner*, the last independent English-language newspaper, had been bought by the Irving group. In an interview in *The Telegraph-Journal*, Irving himself said that there was nothing secret about the transaction, and that it had taken place "some months" earlier.

Actually *The Gleaner* had been purchased on May 5, 1968, but outside of the publisher, Brigadier Michael Wardell, not one of the staff knew of the change until McElman revealed it. Most were shocked. One of the writers left.

These secret manipulations and omissions keep the Irving press in the sorry state that it is, and also help maintain his stranglehold on the province. For if the public knew more of Irving's manipulations, the resulting protests would no doubt shrink his profit margin.

You cannot bribe, nor twist  
The British Journalist,  
But seeing what the man will do  
Unbribed, there is no reason to — old newspaper credo

Although Irving owns only the five New Brunswick papers, and the CHSJ radio Saint John, CKCW radio Moncton and the television stations of those cities, it sometimes seems as if the entire Maritime media is run from Irving's block-long office in the Golden Ball building in Saint John.

Take the case of *The Atlantic Advocate*, the Maritime region's glossy monthly magazine. Until Michael Wardell gave up the editorship last year, Irving was a charter member of the magazine's pantheon, along with Lord Beaverbrook and Queen Elizabeth II.

Irving either appeared in the magazine in a series of heroic portraits, or as a respected source in articles dealing with the region's future. The desired impression was that the future of New Brunswick and the future of K.C. Irving were intertwined.

Whenever a new . . . Irving industry made its appearance, the magazine saw this as an occasion for huzzas, and the event was covered extensively in text and photos with the solemnity and joy one would reserve for the second coming.

The magazine has improved slightly under the editorship of John Braddock, but what can one expect from a concern whose pages are filled with ads from Irving gas, Irving pulp and paper, Irving equipment, Canaport and Irving dry dock. Obviously the magazine wants to be as prosperous as New Brunswick and Irving.

This "handle with kid gloves" ideal is reflected by almost all Maritime media. Even before Irving bought *The Fredericton Gleaner*, the editorial policy was actively pro-Irving, and he was once the subject of a laudatory editorial applauding his ability to always get his way. *The Halifax Chronicle-Herald* took after Senator McElman following his Senate disclosures, and can generally be counted upon to say a good word about Irving.

Rumors abound, in fact, that Irving is interested in acquiring that paper, as well as *The Halifax Mail Star*, CHNS and *The Cape Breton Post* in Sydney. If this happened, Irving critics would have an ever harder time broadcasting anything concerning the extent of his control and his conglomerate empire.

Frank Withers, news director of CFBC Saint John, can testify to the pressure the Irving interests can bring against out-of-favor individuals. In September 1962, when the Irving press was filled with plaudits about the Irvingstream, the company's new tanker, Withers revealed that the Irvingstream wasn't a new tanker at all, but a refit. The boss of the drydocks phoned up to try to get the story off the air, and discover Withers' source, although Withers refused to give information or to yank the story out, the company tracked down the source, and fired him on the spot.

Irving's control works in other ways too. When *The Mysterious East*, the young muck-raking magazine, was founded, they had trouble finding a printer. One told them that he would not print a magazine that might be critical of K.C. Irving, while a major industrial firm informed them that Irving was too good a customer for them to support a magazine allied with his newspaper empire.

Even the CBC isn't immune from Irving pressure. Any mention of an industrialist on the air by a commentator immediately brings a request for the script from his lawyers. This, in turn, intimidates the producers, who, fearful of lawsuits, avoid using that particular commentator on the air for the next few months. Thus, the cautious freelancer who wants to maintain his job security gives the subject of Irving and his interests a wide berth.

I make no apology for my attempts to build a better New Brunswick. I make no apology for the ownership of the newspapers, and I will not apologize to anyone as long as those newspapers are operated properly. — K.C. Irving

What then can a New Brunswicker, anxious for the facts, do? Despite Irving's sanctimonious statements like the one above, it is obvious that the media in the province is designed for a specific interest group, and dedicated to the propagation of the benevolent K.C. Irving myth, no matter what the consequences.

The concerned New Brunswicker can sometimes get accurate news from the occasional courageous freelancer, or perhaps *The Mysterious East*, and hope that the situation will change. At least until Charles McElman's suggested Press Review Board comes into existence, that day seems far off.

The future of the daily press was illustrated by an interesting event that happened last year. Irving always has maintained that he bought up the province's press to keep it from falling into the hands of "outsiders" (a term he reserves for non-New Brunswickers). Yet, at that time, a group from the *Mysterious East* rounded up the necessary money and offered to buy *The Fredericton Gleaner* from him.

After a short discussion, he said he wasn't interested in selling. Most of the prospective buyers had only been in the province an average of five years — as compared with his 71 — so they didn't qualify as "New Brunswickers".

And so, until some native provincials with money, social consciousness and know-how can free it, the media in New Brunswick will remain the private property of K.C. Irving.





and

By Maw and Paw



We have forsaken our usual format this week before Christmas in order to share with the students of Laurentian University something that we feel should be in everyone's heart, not only during Christmas but throughout the year.

"Go placidly amid the noise and haste, and remember what peace there may be in silence. As far as possible without surrender be on good terms with all persons. Speak your truth quietly and clearly; and listen to others, even the dull and ignorant; they too have their story. Avoid loud and aggressive persons, they are vexations to the spirit. If you compare yourself with others, you may become vain and bitter; for always there will be greater and lesser persons than yourself. Enjoy your achievements as well as your plans. Keep interested in your own career, however humble;

it is a real possession in the changing fortunes of time. Exercise caution in your business affairs; for the world is full of trickery. But let this not blind you to what virtue there is; many persons strive for high ideals; and everywhere life is full of heroism. Be yourself. Especially, do not feign affection. Neither be cynical about love; for in the face of all aridity and disenchantment it is perennial as the grass. Take kindly the counsel of the years, gracefully surrendering the things of youth. Nurture strength of spirit to shield you in sudden misfortune. But do not distress yourself with imaginings. Many fears are born of fatigue and loneliness. Beyond a wholesome discipline, be gentle with yourself. You are a child of the universe, no less than the trees and the stars; you have a right to be here. And whether or not it is clear to you, no doubt the

universe is unfolding as it should. Therefore be at peace with God, whatever you conceive Him to be, and whatever your labours and aspirations, in the noisy confusion of life keep peace with your soul. With all its sham, drudgery and broken dreams, it is still a beautiful world. Be careful. Strive to be happy."

#### THE DESIDERATA

Although the Desiderata was written over 300 years ago, we feel its meaning is still very valid. Try and keep this in mind during the Christmas break and try and do your 'bit' for peace.

blessed are the peacemakers, FOR THEY SHALL INHERIT THE EARTH!!!

Merry Christmas and Happy New Year - Maw & Paw

## Alberta Union talks near end

EDMONTON (CUP) - The lengthy negotiations between the University of Alberta Students Union and its employees in the Student Union Building are finally nearing an end.

The student's union and Local 1368 of the Canadian Union of Public Employees have reached an agreement and are on the point of signing a contract; their first since the local was certified last July.

Discussions between the two parties broke down two weeks ago over

a disagreement concerning interpretation of salary terms in the contract. It appeared that a stalemate had been reached and the union local was considering asking the provincial government to appoint a conciliator for the dispute.

Subsequently, however, the local decided to accept the student unions' interpretation of the contract and wait until next February when negotiations will start again on a new contract.

Under the contract just negotiated all workers will receive at least

a five per cent salary increase. Other terms include increased job security and an extension of certain fringe benefits including vacation pay and medical compensation.

The labor-management negotiations were aggravated in September when the Students Union decided to appeal against the certification of the union local to the provincial Labour Relations Board. The union backed down from this decision after receiving a good deal of public criticism for its allegedly anti-labour bias.

## Tely death gives Star a bundle

TORONTO (CUP) - The death of the Toronto Telegram a month ago is proving to be a financial bonanza for the surviving daily in the afternoon market, The Star.

The Star has announced that its circulation has increased 32.5 per cent since Telegram publisher John Bassett killed the paper and cost 1,200 employees their jobs.

Based on this huge circulation increase, the Star is raising its advertising rates by a healthy 31 per cent.

Figures released Monday, November 28 show the Star's net paid circulation Monday to Friday has increased from 387,000 to 505,000. Saturday circulation has gone up from 513,000 to 719,000.

The price for this bonanza??? Ten million dollars paid to publisher Bassett and his partners the Eaton family to keep his newspaper dead and to leave the afternoon paper market as the sole preserve of the Star.

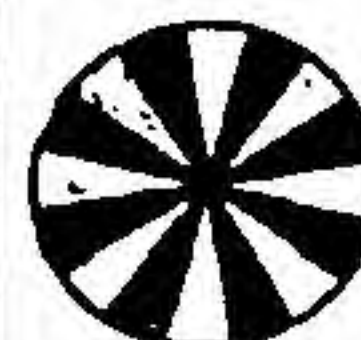
The investment now seems to be paying off handsomely.

## Going Light?

Mummy style sleeping bags. Ripstop nylon, goose down, V baffled. Differential cut. No zipper. Send height & weight, chest size for price quote

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TUESDAY TO  
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Dancing every night.  
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## The Challenge

Blessed is the man, indeed,  
Who in this life can find;  
A PURPOSE that can fill his days,  
And GOALS to fill his mind!

The world is filled with little men,  
Content with where they are;  
Not knowing joys success can bring,  
No WILL to go that far!

Yet, in this world there is a need,  
For men to lead the rest,  
To rise above the "average" life,  
By giving of their best!

COMPLIMENTS  
OF THE



Would you be one who dares to try,  
When challenged by the task;  
To rise to heights you've never seen,  
Or is that too much to ask?

This is your day - a world to win,  
Great purpose to achieve;  
Accept the challenge of your goals  
And in yourself, BELIEVE!

You will be proud of what you've done,  
When at the close of day;  
You look back on your battles, won,  
Content, you came this way!

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# Liason - Is Laurentian doing it properly ?

by Susan Alves and Gerry Pawson

Not too long ago John White undertook to help Laurentian out of its financial problems by recommending to the Treasury Board that we be given one million dollars with certain conditions attached. One of the comments which White had previously made was that universities should increase their enrolment by an active recruitment program.

Laurentian seemed to be ahead on that score. On May 1, 1970, Robert Patry began working as Laurentian's Secondary School Liaison Officer. His function was to establish a liaison with high schools

particularly in Northern Ontario, and to encourage as many students as possible into attending Laurentian. The target set was to increase enrolment by 500 students by September of 1972. In order to achieve this, says a Report for the BOG for September-December, "All members of the university community must co-operate in this venture in their own way."

Several members of the university community have in fact attempted to do just this. Professors have offered to give special lectures to visiting students in their disciplines, others to visit some of the schools in Northern Ontario, but their overtures have met with cool response. Instead, attention has been focused on the Deans

of the University, who are contacted anywhere from one to two days before the auspicious events, often by telephone, sometimes by memo.

Another suggestion made was that visitors be allowed to roam the university freely, visiting what they are interested in instead of the present fairly structured set-up. But again in vain - this suggestion was greeted with resentment. Increased student participation? This too has been virtually ruled out.

The recruiting programme consists of three different areas. One of these is a tour group which travels throughout Ontario visiting high schools. This consists of liaison officers from all Ontario universities; another aspect is vis-

iting high schools in both northern and southern Ontario. Finally there is a programme by which interested schools, particularly from Northern Ontario visit Laurentian for some time. They may stay overnight at U of S, spend Friday and Saturday here, or just spend half of Friday - this part of the program is admirably flexible.

Recently the tour schedule of Southern Ontario included visits to six schools. Patry was recalled to Laurentian by the Admissions Officer. Unfortunately he remembered to cancel only three of the six scheduled appointments, making for very irate guidance counselors and principals who subsequently phoned Laurentian to express their views on the matter. This is un-views on the matter.

Qualifications for the job of Liaison Officer at Laurentian were: Applicant must be bilingual, with a knowledge of the Ontario School system; preferably, but not necessarily a recent graduate of Laurentian, and directly responsible to Admissions and the Registrar's Office.

Patry, a recent graduate of Laurentian (Français) filed the bill. Vicious rumours however have it that the main reason he got the job over others was his relationship with the sister of the Admissions Officer.

Lambda sat in on one of the BS Sessions which are part and parcel of the visits which take place on Friday. There we heard a fervent and patriotic address to the students, that they "owed it to themselves" to come to Laurentian, as it was their duty from a practical standpoint to take advantage of what Laurentian had to offer.

There was the bit about education not being wasted on young ladies as when they married it would be useful in helping them rear their children. That was from Dean Valillee.

Usually reliable sources indicate that the usual routine includes comments about people in this area being "culturally disadvantaged", and that although this university might be a second rate university, this university was designed to serve the people of the northeastern community. That being Vice President Albert's usual line.

Representatives from various departments and professional schools at Laurentian then had their say. They all appeared uncomfortable

and squished into one corner of the room as they stood waiting their turn. The representative who won the crowd and had the right idea was Pierre Lebel of the School of Commerce who began his plug by mentioning that it was now time for his "song and dance".

Another bit of patriotism rounded the hour off - this time mentioning that the students owed it to themselves as well as the residents of the area who had contributed financially to the creation of Laurentian.

Finally a grain of truth appeared when Laurentian's student-professor relationships were mentioned. The advantages of small classes at Laurentian as opposed to the large structures encountered at most other universities were listed.

And finally: "Bill Davis has put this university here for you".

One of the things most people feel strongly about at LU is this area of recruitment of next year's students - this say some will save both the university and also professors from being fired. "Once again, we seem to have a case on our hands where bilingualism and nepotism are valued over competence. If we were a bilingual university there might be some reason for insisting on bilingual personnel, but with the present situation it really shouldn't make too much difference" said one concerned student.

The incidents listed above are by no means a complete list of all the tangles of the liaison programme. Apart from the lack of co-ordination between the faculty and students of Laurentian and the liaison programme, there are apparently small but important aspects like having students guides lined up for tours instead of expecting Student Placement to divine the coming of visiting groups.

Then there is the question asked by one observer: "Why should a function of Secondary School Liaison be under Admissions and the Registrar, would Public Relations not be the logical body to be the 'parent'?" Then there are the ethical implications of administrators lying to high school students in order to con them into coming here, as well as blatant hypocrisy. You could never believe that these are the same people who a few days before had been lamenting the university's budget."

## Christmas rush

## Loan system stalled now

By Sylvia Salo - ILL Staff

The Interlibrary Loan Department at the library has been inundated with student requests since the recent announcement of the extension of this service to undergraduates. The department is pleased at the response, but needs help from you by adding the following to your list of New Year's resolutions: 1. do not request material

via ILL until you have completely exhausted the resources available at Laurentian. This includes not only verifying library holdings by checking the card catalogue and the serials listings (many requested items were found to be already held by our library) but also consulting with a Reference Librarian to determine whether or not alternate sources are available; 2. do not make request for material you will need the next day or even within

the next week. It takes at least one week and can take as long as six weeks for ILL materials to arrive; 3. do not telephone or ask for your material at regular daily intervals starting the day you hand in a request. Contrary to popular belief, this will not speed up the processing of it; 4. complete the required request form clearly and completely, avoiding illegible writing/printing, mis-spelling, abbreviations and the venting out of your frustrations regarding red tape on the ILL staff. It is also especially important that the exact source of reference be indicated on the form. This avoids the possibility of having your request considerably delayed due to any errors made in the transcribing of information; 5. co-operate with the ILL staff in showing your student ID card as requested. The library in recent months has encountered some incidents of falsification of name and address and the presentation of your ID protects both you and us.

Making and keeping these resolutions will not only avoid misunderstandings and misinterpretations but will also ensure that your valid ILL transactions will be processed as expeditiously as possible.

Also, please note that ILL services are, now suspended to avoid loss and damage to materials during the Christmas mail rush. Requests cannot be filled until January.

### Special Christmas Dinner

Great Hall — Tuesday, December 14th

5 - 6:30 p.m.

No Charge for Meal Ticket Holders

Cash \$2.25 ea.

#### SHERRIED FRESH FRUIT CUP

Roast Baron of Beef carved to order.

Au Jus.....Grated Horseradish

Deep Brown Oven Roast Potatoes

Minted Peas.....Vichy Carrots

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Individual Plum Puddings

Rum Sauce.....Hard Sauce

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Tea.....Coffee.....Milk



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Well here we go again folks, Christmas time is upon us. Perhaps it would be a good time to take a long look at that red nosed character that is so prevalent in this season. No it is not Rudolph to which I refer, but rather that rotund character called Santa Claus. Yes, Santa Claus does have a red nose, after all, you didn't really think that he gained all that weight from over eating, did you?

Perhaps some of you didn't realize that there is a Santa Claus. There is, and I know the family quite well. That's correct I did say family. It is not a very well known fact but Santa and Mrs Claus do have a family. They have two children, Subjunctive and Adjectival.

If you think that these are strange names, perhaps I should explain that it is an old tradition with the Claus family to give their children strange names. Santa's father's name was Subordinate but he could not think of a suitable name for Santa, so the first words that he spoke upon seeing his newborn son became his name. They were, "kinda Stupid And Not Too Academic looking."

I also understand that the Claus' do not want any more children. The reasons being that Mrs. Claus realizes that we have a population problem, and that Santa is terribly obese. Thus, Mrs. Claus has decided to take the pill, however, being of stoic faith, they like to refer to it as "no fault insurance." Upon questioning Mrs. Claus, she denied any truth to the rumour that Santa has become a little weird in the past few years, and that he has been having an affair with Rudolph. She also declined to comment upon the fact that Santa has antler scars upon his forehead. In any case, someone who surrounds himself with fairies and elves must surely have something wrong with him.

It is interesting to note that the RCMP have had various dealings with Santa in the past. In fact, he is very prominent on their list of drug offenders. It seems that the RCMP feel that anyone who flies around with no visible means of support, defying all the laws of gravity, and who gives gifts to children the world over, must be hing on something.

Inspector Scoopington of the Scarlet Force noted that Santa was still under surveillance. When asked to comment upon the fact that Santa was doing a lot of good for millions of children the world over, the Inspector responded, "Bah, Humbug."

After talking to the reindeers I was surprised to see that even Santa is not exempt from labour union difficulties. It seems that the reindeer object to pulling Santa around the world all in one night. Dancer commented that, "pulling this fat pinko freak is getting harder every year." Upon hearing this, Comet was inclined to say that, "he is getting so fat that he now has to buy prescription underwear."

As if it was not bad enough that the reindeers hold a certain animosity towards Santa, they also resent accomplishments made by each other. Prancer says, "since that dummy Vixen starred in that X rated film, we haven't been able to sleep with her at all." At this point Vixen was heard to say, "fuddle duddle."

The reindeers are now demanding equal time with Rudolph, and apparently that does not refer to equal time with Santa. Indeed, it has come to the point that the song has been changed to read, "with a fat little belly, that shakes when he laughs like petroleum jelly." Upon hearing this for the first time, all Mrs. Claus could muster was a pregnant pause.

For hundreds of years now, Santa Claus has been known as one who had no particular nationality. However, it seems that President Nixon's surcharge has even affected this merry man of mirth. Santa now proclaims the fact that he is as Americanas "genocide."

Indeed, perhaps there is no truth to the rumour that Santa is fooling around with his reindeer, however, his reindeer call has changed and is also heard more frequently now. Mrs. Claus says she will sue for divorce because every night, wailing over the northern snows, she hears, "on dasher on dancer on prancer and vixen, on comet on cupid on donder and blitzen, but the best one of all is Richard M. Nixon

## BRAIN DRAIN

What do you want for Christmas?

Peter Moore-Hist 3  
Type 'O' Negative

Frank Reynolds-Bus. Mgr. SGA  
Bugle lessons.

Debbi Graham-Arts 1  
A skinny Lutheran Santa Claus

Chris Culliford-Hist  
A buyer for my raggy MGB in the  
spring

Noreen Zanata-Trans. 1  
Half of my contact lenses



Tam Aaron-Engr 2  
To pass all my tests

Carmen Parent-Arts 1  
Lots of love

Jack Hurst-Voyageur Football (#17)  
A football team

Elisabeth Meakes-Arts 1  
To get by this week

Glenn Dorey-Arts 1  
A pair of hockey skates and a  
playmate



# A CHRISTMAS TAIL

by Cecilia Ward and Frank Reynolds

It was snowing, and the not-so-little girl in the tattered shawl had not sold a violet all day. Looking ruefully at her long, wilted stocks she decided that it was time to get out of the flower racket and into something new.

Casting aside her threadbare wrap, she accosted a man who just happened to be passing by her on the street. "Please sir," she begged, "do you know of anyplace a young girl like myself can stay while looking for a job? It's almost Christmyth", she lisped, "and I need money to buy presents for all my good friends in the city."

Swivelling around to get a better look at the innocent maid, the man's eyes widened in approval. And no wonder, for the bitter wind whipped her dress tight to her figure and showed it to its best advantage. All, of course, unbeknownst to the pauvre petite. He grunted in approval, or perhaps something else—who knows what lies in the hearts of men? After a lengthy pause for consideration or a commercial, The Man on The Street granted that she might come with him and he would show her a place.

Happily, she folded up her flower cart and pushed it into the canal, giggling to herself as it sank. So long, penury, she thought. Trotting along behind her benefactor, it suddenly struck her that she didn't know his name. So, of course, she asked him what it was.

"Claus," he said, "Mr. S. Claus, if you please, and, young lady, you are going to love what I have in store for you."

"Mr. Claus," she gasped, "aren't you the multi-millionaire toy-maker, manufacturer and entrepreneur?"

"Certainly am," he said with pride (quite justifiable of course). "Did you know, you sweet young thing, that my stock went up four points today in the exchange?"

"Heavens," said she, gazing at him adoringly, (as well she might), "you must be terribly pleased."

"Pleased is right, my sweet child, and as an added fillip to that great news, I just heard today that the stocks of my rival, J. Christ, of the Made In Wood With Love, Co., Ltd., have gone down 3-1/2 points. Now that's something to be really pleased about."

"Why do you dislike Mr. Christ so?" said she, wonderingly, "what has he ever done to you?"

"Oh, nothing," he replied with a shrug, "he's just such a damn fool is all. He's been pushing this big product called Brotherly Love, and it's not moving, even after a huge saturation campaign. Nothing to compare with mine of course, but to continue, the old fool just doesn't realize there isn't a market for those old-fangled notions any more. Just isn't, but he can't be told anything—got to give him credit—he keeps trying, even if he is only no. 2."

"Oh, Mr. Claus," sighed the cute young thing, breasts heaving, cleavage cleaving, perfume wafting therefrom, moist red lips slightly apart, "you're such a clever man, however would the world get along without you?"

"Oh, they'd muddle along somehow," replied the redoubtable Claus, blushing modestly and looking down into her remarkable cleavage. Confused by his audacity, he tripped in the middle of a hot flush, and dragged himself with some difficulty back to the matter at hand.

"Well, here we are, home sweet home for you and I, even if your stay is only of short duration. We like to make

our girls feel like one big happy family." Smiling jovially, he assisted her up the stairs, rubbing thighs in the process, rang the doorbell, after which he stood quite close to her in order to protect her from the cold.

The red light above the door flashed on and a suspicious, rather hard face stared out at them from a tiny triangle of glass rather shabbily decorated with a wreath fashioned from sprigs of holly and mistletoe woven into a cobwebby black stocking. When the rather singularly beady eyes lit upon the adulated Mr. Claus, they checked their scanning motion and registered recognition. The door swung open and they were ushered in.

After a complete tour of the place, and her reception of a new wardrobe of basic black, they settled themselves in the living room for a toast in front of the fire.

"Well," said he, placing his plump hand upon her juicy knee, "tell me, do you think you'll be happy here?"

Wriggling her knee in a series of erotic jerks, she breathed (steaming up his glasses in the process), "Oh, I'm sure I will, Santa darling, I'm sure I will."

Merry Christmyth, everybody!!





# Football-- and what it means.

by John McMurthy  
Adapted from the Nation

but it doesn't really matter,  
because its gone.

A FEW YEARS AGO, I played professional football—I was a corner linebacker—for a team called the Calgary Stampeders. The Stampeders, as well as the eight other teams that form the equivalent in Canada to the NFL, are much like any pro team in big-league football. Any difference between them and say, the Minnesota Vikings is essentially that they have some Canadian players, whereas the Vikings have none at all. Indeed the similarities in this particular case are extensive when one considers that the Vikings' ex-quarterback Joe Kapp, their general manager Jim Finks and their coach Bud Grant all performed these functions in Canada (two of them for the Stampeders when I played) for longer than they've been with the Vikings. In short, professional football is much the same in principle and practice on both sides of the 49th parallel.

Like most players I did not seek to become a pro from some personal quirk. I acted, rather, upon the dominant imperative of north american male culture, which is to show how tough and competitive you are. Recognizing that being a top dog in a violent game lent one much the same magic as packing a fast gun in Tombstone, I trained, weight-lifted and backed people down until I was a well-publicized fullback, being drafted by the pros. I made the team — the only Canadian college player in my year to break into a starting lineup — essentially because I had developed the obsessional competitiveness and agile cunning required for success in any elitist structure. At first, I rarely reflected on these prerequisites of the game, but as time went on the concealed became more and more manifest to me — that pro football was not so much a sport as a sick society's projection of itself into public spectacle. It now seems obvious to me that the increasingly popular Sunday contests between sophisticated systems of big-men power — the pro football games — should not be viewed as mere weekend diversion but rather as a growing religion, an idealization into morality play of the bellicose american way before a congregation of tens of millions.

*The tremendous rise in popularity of pro and college football in America since the second world war is a result of people not having anything on which to act out their aggressions during the cold war.*

*If football is a safety valve for people's aggressive tendencies, "then maybe things should blow up, because things aren't right in this country (the US)."*

Support can be marshaled for this claim almost as soon as one pauses to look. To begin with, the first major principle of football is possession — holding onto the desired object (the ball), protecting it by rule-governed violence from the other team. "Possession" the key to football; "private property" the key to our society: legalized violence the sanction of both. It is no accident. When one considers as well that the inevitable conclusion of such a game — whether gridiron or social — is monopoly by the most powerful, the analogy then becomes still more compelling.

But the similarity does not end there. In football one must not only try to keep possession, one must also try to gain it from the other side. This is done, literally, by forcing the opponent off his territory, yard by yard, until he has nothing left. When that occurs, the scoring side acquires abstract assets called "points", and the contest begins again. The likeness of this process to the capitalist law of increasing what is owned by outmaneuvering others of what they own and thereby gaining abstract assets called "money" is too obvious to comment on. In both "games," the goal is more and more abstract value, without upper limit or concern for the competitor.

The role of the competitor is indeed interesting enough in both spheres. In football, the truly profession-

al attitude is not to think of the opponent as a human being at all — he is a "position," to be removed as efficiently as possible in order to benefit the team's corporate enterprise of gaining points. The mask over his face and the other protective equipment he wears reinforce this status of non-humanity: while — if all that is not enough — official fines for "fraternizing" with the other side diminish any points of contact that might remain. Of course, one need hardly elaborate how this resembles life outside the stadium — the business or political opposition as simply something which must be removed in order to secure corporate, party or national interests, whose representatives are generally in something like a conventional coverall uniform and head style, and with whose products or agents it is unwise to associate. The only difference is that in football, the antagonism is overt.

The circumstances and manner in which football is played are also suggestive. Millions of dollars are spent on the most lavish technology and expertise of entertainment, while huge segments of the population live in squalor. An infinitesimal elite plans in secret and plays the game, while the rest watch from the side lines. The participants are concerned not with the activity as such but with the cash payoff ("a really money player"). The qualities most universally celebrated in the game are: a combination of fear of failure ("hates to lose") and ruthless aggression ("mean"). The onlookers feel that it is "their" team though they have nothing whatever to do with its function. A suppressed sexuality keeps expressing itself in concealed forms (bottom-touching, pile one, clutching embraces and virginal girls twirling batons). The theme of the field is reinforced again and again in the commercial ads for cars that are ever bigger, faster and more powerful (the predator nomenclature for both football teams and cars is worth noting). A deeply rooted racism is implicit in the total exclusion of black owners, coaches or quarterbacks, the de facto segregation of players, and in the conventional mythology of physically gifted "niggers" who are "stupid" and "don't like to get hit". The language of war is habitually employed ("field general", "long bomb", "boys", "blitz", "front line", "pursuit", "good hit", on ritual and grandeur, on the national anthem and the pregame hush that cast a spell or religious sanctity upon the whole event. And so forth.

But perhaps most important to football is Authority: the strict hierarchy of the club and its exhaustive control of every aspect of the game and, even, the personal lives of the player employees. The unforgivable sin of a player is to question someone above him — if he does that, he's finished. The chain of command moves from the owner (who is almost never seen), down through the general manager, the coach, the quarterback and trustworthy veterans. Unlike any other game (though the tendency is also growing in baseball), every pattern of movement on the field is strictly dictated by nonplaying superiors — detailed formation, movements of formulation (i.e. plays), and every possible decision on the field are all given from above. Similarly, patterns of behavior off the field are strictly regulated — the bedtimes of the players, their physical pleasures, their traveling clothes, their habits of speech (my old coach formally prohibited all "cussin"), the mode and times of their relations with the public (commercial, social or political activity that is not to the authorities' liking may lead to fines or dismissal). Even the team one plays for is decided by higher officials — the player being "drafted" (this term is revealing) by a club through a procedure in which he has no voice whatever. Any defiance of any part of this whole structure of command means permanent banning from the game.

*Football as a part of the American way of life is closely connected to the political structure in the US. President Nixon hands out trophies to winning teams and is the "typical middle-American spectator", while defense secretary Melvin Laird and Billy Graham, Nixon's "spiritual confidants", are parade marshalls for bowl games and Lockheed aircraft sponsors the half-time show.*

Though there are certain evident resemblances between the football corporation and other types of corporation, the more striking similarity is of course to the military, or indeed to political fascism. In all three spheres, absolute obedience to higher authority is required in every aspect of life, the principles of uniformity and order are rigidly enforced, and destructive violence is the fundamental mode of extra-group communication. But football comes closer to political fascism, I think, in its cultivation of mass-gathering

hysteria and its fawning idolization of the powerful. The correlation between the growing tendency toward extreme Right politics in north america and the increasing popularity of big-league football should not be overlooked. If this appears fanciful, consider the widespread coincidence between devotion to football and to sociopolitical conformity in American learning institutions and in the people as a whole. Nationalistic displays are conspicuously — and increasingly — evident at football games (recently there was an official period of silence for US military personnel held captive in North Vietnam). And the late dean of coaches, Vince Lombardi, outlined football's mission as follows: "We must regain respect for authority. We must learn to respect authority. A man must be part of a group and subject himself to that group. Discipline, that is what football is."

If the connection between football and politics still seems ingenious rather than substantive, ponder this remark by the former California superintendent of public instruction, Max Rafferty: "Critics of college football are kooks, crumbums and commies — hairy, loud-mouth beatniks. Football is war — without killing. They are the custodians of the concepts of democracy. As football players, they possess a clear, bright fighting spirit which is Amerika itself." And then consider the words of President Nixon after US troops recently and unexpectedly invaded North Vietnam: "Sometimes you have to take them by surprise. It's like football. You run a play and it fails. Then you turn around and call the same play again because they aren't expecting it."

The connections between the politics of fascism and the mania for football are too many to be ignored: both ground themselves on a property-seizing principle, apotheosize struggle and competition, publicly idolize victory and the powerful, make authority absolute, and relate to opposing groups by violent aggression. When the president of the United States compares war maneuvers to football plays and the head of the education system in one of the richest states suggests that war principles of football represent "Amerika itself", the associations become somewhat sinister. One might be excused for wondering whether the "game theory" so popular with pentagon and white house strategists might not be instructively fleshed out into a football model, with the world as gridiron, the game plan as "possession", and Amerika as history's "greatest ever" football machine.

*Sports should be human, human and spontaneous, just the way work should be, just the way university should be. That's the revolution, man.*

*People should be participating, not just watching a lot of guys beating hell out of each other....*

LAST WEEK, for the first time since they were appointed in September, members of president Nixon's sports advisory conference got together to attend a white house reception addressed by the president.

"I am not the best one to speak on this subject," Mr. Nixon told them quite frankly. "As a matter of fact... I really hate exercise for exercise's sake. Bud Wilkinson has constantly told me I must jog every day. I do a little, but about a minute is enough."

He went on to declare that it is no great disgrace if some people prefer to get their exercise vicariously.

"Let us face it," he said, "this is a sports-minded country. That isn't bad. It has a lot to do with the spirit of a country, the fact that people are interested in how a golf match or a football game or a baseball game or, for that matter, a tennis game comes out...that people who may not participate, who will never be champions, like to watch...."

"With television and those marvelous closeups they have and the reruns and everything else, with television these days the tendency is for people just to sit there with feet up, eating pretzels and drinking—well, drinking, in any event—and that is their participation in sports. I do not think that is bad. As a matter of fact, that can do something for the spirit, as well—in both ways...."

"I believe in competitive sports as a spectator or as a participant. I believe in the spirit that an individual develops either as he watches or as he participates in competition."

"I don't go along with the idea that all that really matters is jogging in place and having a good physical appearance. What really matters, of course, is the spirit as well as the body."

But then he promised that next morning he would jog two minutes.

*John McMurthy is a member of the department of philosophy at the university of Guelph.*

*Dave Meggesey, a resident of Berkeley, was a former NFL linebacker. He has a history degree from Syracuse and a masters in sociology from Washington university.*

Chevron



# No Football next year brings reaction, controversy

On December 8, at 1:00 pm. in the Ben Avery Physical Education Centre, the Laurentian University Football Team was buried with Dr. John Dewar doing the honours. Mourners in attendance were Mr. R. Preston, Dr. L. Shaw, Mr. A. Quinney, Mr. B. Rogers and sort of Mr. K. Shields and Mrs. S. Knox. The people who lowered the casket were Mr. B. Ward, Dr. R. Wallingford, Dr. R. Hetherington, Mr. C. Lefroy, Mr. J. Tihanyi and Miss B. Dennis. The professors of Physical and Health Education deemed it necessary to delete football from the varsity program under the pretence of saving money. However, no serious thought was given to the problem of losing students because of the deletion of football or the other four varsity sports that also fell under the axe. Really there are so many excellent reasons to come to Laurentian and Sudbury is such a beautiful and interesting city that what, short of a small-

minded student, except a dumb football player would need anything to occupy his mind.

It is widely known by renowned physical educators such as John and Barry that senate does not appreciate the value of sport, but I ask you, the student, are our physical educators any better than senate if they reduce student activity such as five varsity sports, instead of dropping one hallowed professor or administrator?

Let's cut the bullshit! There had to be a cut in the athletic budget and no one can argue that. Football was cut because it had not produced. But tell me - how can a 44 man football team exist on a \$15,300 budget when a 20 man hockey team gets \$17,100? Per player, football is the cheapest sport on campus. Mr. Preston was not a good coach, but why did they not fire him three years ago instead of putting all the blame on him now.

Now the PHE administration has the intelligent idea of putting the team into the Northern Ontario Football League which is of such high calibre that it attracts cast-off voyageurs. This is just a political move to allow the administration to say that they did not waste a brand new stadium or

\$50,000 in equipment as it is still being used for the crappiest football league in the province.

Yes, people, football is gone. It is finished, John and Barry, not shelved till you find more money. You have lost it forever and ever but it does not make that much difference because if the present

trend keeps up in student enrolment you will not be able to afford a hockey or a basketball team.

To the people of Laurentian University and Sudbury, thank you for your support, and to the Spartans, we bequeath our slightly used stadium. It served us well for the three months we used it.

## Slywchuk, Taylor get tryout

The Canadian Intercollegiate Athletic Union recently announced the names of the 36 Intercollegiate Hockey players who will attend a seven day Training Camp at the University of Toronto Thursday, December 16 to Wednesday, December 22.

From the 36 attending the camp, 18 will be chosen to represent Canada at the World Student Games to be held in Lake Placid, New York February 26 to March 5, 1972.

Under the direction of Head Coach Clare Drake of the University of Alberta and General Manager Tom Watt, Head Coach of the University of Toronto Blues, the 36 will practice twice a day for the one week period concluding with games against the University of Toronto, December 22 and Loyola of Montreal December 23. The eastern selectees will play against Loyola while the Western half of the team will play the Blues.

Among the 36 players to attend the training camp will be two Laurentian players - Ed Taylor and

Bryan Slywchuk, both forwards.

A Canadian team has never won the student's Hockey title recently, although the U of T Blues did rather well a couple of years ago, beating the Russians but losing in turn to the Czechs.

This year the Canadians do stand a good chance of winning. For the first time they have attempted to get the best college players in the country to play against European competition. In previous years, Canada's entry was the CIAU champion. Look for Canada to do quite well.

## Hoop Vees to travel

The Laurentian basketball team will be quite busy during the next three weeks and will play in three tournaments through the country.

This Friday and Saturday the team will travel to the States where they have been invited to play in the Saginaw Valley Tournament. Then on the 27-30, they will journey out West to indulge in the Klondike Classic.

To top all this off, the Vees

have been invited to perhaps the most prestigious of tournaments in Canada, the Bluenose Classic.

If the Voyageur squad hopes to do reasonably well, they certainly must improve their style of play from two weekends ago. Coach Ken Shields was more than disappointed with the teams' performance, particularly their 63-53 loss to Queen's, a team that just barely beat Ryerson.

## Laurentian hosts tournament

The CIAU championships held here last year featured a high calibre of hockey displayed by all teams involved. Many people stated that the event demonstrated some of the best hockey witnessed

in Sudbury for several years.

Ardent hockey fans will again have the opportunity of witnessing college hockey at its best, with the announcement that Laurentian will host part of the Hockey Canada Tournament.

The event will take place on December 28, 29 at the Sudbury Arena. Participating teams will be the University of Montreal, (the only team to defeat the U of T Blues to date), the St. Francis Xavier X-Men, the Carleton Ravens and the Laurentian Voyageurs.

Should Laurentian play the type of which they are capable, they should do quite well in the tournament. Winning this event would

probably give the Vees the drive to capture a play-off spot in the OUAA. Although the Vees have lost only one game on the ice, the four forfeited matches have put them in a situation where they must win almost 90% of all league games. Last year, the Vees played only fair hockey during the first half, losing even to the York Yeomen in the Hockey Canada Tournament by a score of 5-0. However, when they met later on in league play, Vees clobbered York 4-0, and 7-2 in season play and 5-3 in the sudden death final. Hopefully, the Vees can again improve during the second half, for they must defeat teams like York and the U of T Blues.

## Vees to play Lakers

The Hockey Voyageurs will continue their traditional rivalry against the Lake Superior State College Lakers this Sunday in the arena at 2:00.

In past years, the Vees have had spirited exhibitions against the Lakers. Two years ago they lost a week-night game 4-3, thanks to a certain Vees' player getting rather foolish penalties. This enabled the Lakers to break the tie and go ahead in the dying moments of the match.

Last year the Vees played the Lakers four times and lost both games played in the States. They did manage to do quite well at

home, winning the first one 7-4 and tying the second game 5-5. Tom Deacon did well in these games, scoring four goals in the first match and netting a classic picture goal in the last second of the second game, to get the tie with Lake Superior.

The Vees will attempt to get back into their winning ways and will have to adjust their lines to compensate for the loss of John Valiquette. The four year veteran of the Voyageur hockey club received a broken leg in the Toronto game and will be out for the rest of the year. This has forced Coach Jack Porter to shuffle lines.

## Women's Sports

The Laurentian Women's Basketball team won a narrow victory over Queen's University recently. The score at the end of the game was 59-57, following a close half time score of 28-24 for Queen's.

All the girls played very well and special mention should be made of the rookies on the team, Nancy George was hih scorer with 16 points, along with Pat Smith a team veteran.

Kathy Williams, also a new player for Laurentian, was next on the scoring lineup and was top rebounder. This is of major importance in setting up the play.

The top scorer for Queen's was L. Marshall. She sank 20 points.

The Women's Basketball team is doing very well so far this year losing only one game out of five and this one to the Ottawa. This, we are sure the team will make up for when Ottawa visits Laurentian. This is one game you shouldn't miss.

The volleyball team, unfortunately did not do as well at Queens. The girls took their first game of the match beating Queens 15-6. They lost the next three in very tight competition. The scores were 15-9, 15-3 and 15-11 for the respective games.

The volleyball team has good potential. The winning players are there, and soon the results will be in their favour.

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